

The
PLANESMEN

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The Planesmen



The Planesmen Pro Tanto Quid

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CONTENTS

Editorial	2
The Padre's Page	3
The Tryst	4
Reverie	4
Between You and I	5
Highlights on Sports	6
Little Finger Left Hand	7
The Field of Entertainment	8
Night Flying	9
Cartoons	10 & 11
Escape from Dunkirk	12
So This is Canada	15
La Femme	16
Early Call	16
Candid Shots	17
Loose Threads by Cottontail	18
Thirst	19
Maintenance	20





Editorial.

It is with keen regret that the resignation of Flying Officer Robertson, as Sports Editor, has had to be accepted owing to his posting to another Unit.

"Robbie" was one of the chief organizers of sports on the Station and won wide popularity and acclaim as coach of the famous "Dingbats"

The Staff of "The Planesmen", the Sports Committee, and Service and Civilian Personnel as a whole wish him the best of luck and good fortune in all ventures the future may hold.

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I would like to take this opportunity to introduce a new addition to our staff in the person of Mr. Don Williams. It will be his duty to obtain actual photographs of Station Personnel while at work or in some impromptu position. Your co-operation, which I am sure you'll willingly give, is required as these photographs or 'candid shots' will go a long way to make the magazine a publication of personal interest to every member of the Service and to the Civilian Staff.

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The feature article in this issue of "The Planesmen" is entitled "Between You and I".

Everyone wants to express an idea at one time or another and this is an excellent chance to do it. Subjects are varied and have no limit as long as the simple rule of constructive advice or criticism is followed. By 'constructive' I mean an article which will tend to re-build and improve, in the mind of the writer, the subject with which he is dealing. No person can be condemned for criticizing if they have some method of offering improvement.

This is your chance to divulge your ideas and, who knows, they may prove invaluable in helping to solve some troublesome problem.

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In closing I would like to ask all contributors to add their name to the article submitted. Any non-de-plume can be appended to the work but we would just love to know the name of the genius.

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Yours sincerely,

Phe Editor

The Padre's Page

How do I know that God exists? I cannot prove the existence of God by mathematics, science or logic. For that matter, one cannot prove the existence of any of the biggest things in life by such methods; such things, for instance, as honour, unselfishness or love. You don't need proof of the existence of such things. You accept them as realities because you know that life would be impossible without them. Here are four reasons why I cannot help believing in God:-

(1) Evidence of Our Instincts. Religion is a kind of universal sixth sense. In every place, in every age peoples divided by race, language or culture have shared this strong religious instinct. Separation by centuries or by thousands of miles of ocean has made no difference. It is the one thing upon which men have always been universally in agreement. As Dr. Liddon says, "A nation of pure atheists has yet to be discovered". Now, instincts are always implanted in living beings for a definite purpose; e.g. the instinct we call "hunger" could not exist unless Nature had provided a corresponding reality - "food" to satisfy it. This inborn instinct for God is, therefore, a strong argument for our belief in Him.

(2) Evidence of Conscience. We all admit that there is a difference between right and wrong; certain things we ought to do, certain things we ought not. But why? The very word "ought" implies a sense of duty to some Higher Being. If there are such things as moral laws, there must originally have been a lawgiver. Conscience is like the echo of a voice, but you cannot have an echo without someone to start it.

(3) Evidence of the Universe. This discloses reason and design. It is cosmic or "mind revealing"; e.g. the laws of nature are not haphazard but designed to meet all eventualities. At times one law steps in to the rescue of another. The universe reveals reasoning, artistry and planning; e.g. the mechanism of the human body reveals a depth of intricacy and design beyond human skill and comprehension. "The mechanism of the eye, with its methods of adaption to distances and conditions of vision, makes any camera a chimerical toy". Dredge even the mud from the darkness of the ocean bed, and you will find among the organisms a perfection and loveliness which may be compared to the rose-window of a Cathedral.

(4) Evidence of Experience. Modern psychology has left us in no doubt of the harmful effects of basing one's life on fantasy; e.g. effects of witchcraft on natives. As long as they have remained under its spell they continued to be backward, fear ridden, and grossly dishonest. Superstition was a blight on their whole lives. Compare this with the robust upward development of life as soon as Christianity became an effective force in the world. Its influence has been immensely stimulating to human progress.

The Planesmen

It is not a brake but a dynamic. Scientists like Professor Joad have been driven in the end to the conviction that this "vigorous, active force working its way through life cannot be the product of universal hallucination". Many are led to a sense of God through the shaping of their everyday lives. "When I look back over my past life", writes F.T. Salter, "I cannot help seeing, as other men have seen in theirs, a wonderful purpose in it, a guiding and protecting hand in me, little as I deserve that love and guidance". Francis Thompson's poem, "The Hound of Heaven" sums up for many a man the reason why he cannot help believing in God. You may try any alternative view of life you like but in the end, if you are honest in your search, you will be forced to the conviction never better expressed than in the words of St. Augustine, "Thou, O God, had made for me for Thyself. I am not my own but Thine, and my heart can find no rest until it rests in Thee".

Your friend and Padre,

R.H. Vernon Vivian.

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A pale moon drifts between the fleeting clouds
And draws the shadows of a leaning pine
Upon the moonlit carpet of the grass;
Then disappears once more between the shrouds
To spin its silver passage on their fine
Elusive texture. Silent, by the sparse,
Wind battered hedge, I watch the silent scene,
Observe the shadows and regard the way
In which the sloping meadow falls away
From the hill's summit, see the pine tree lean,
And hear the flutter of a bird in flight;
Sensing the breathless stillness of the night:
Nor count the frozen minutes as they pass
Until I hear your footsteps on the grass.

The Juyst

Bright embers are the fire of your eyes;
And wreaths of smoke, the waving of your hair,
Now golden tinted as a flame is fair,
Now soft in shadow, while your breathless sighs,
Ecstatic murmurings and happy cries
Are kindled from the coals that are your lips.
Idly I watch the image till it slips:
Yet, while the smoke is rolling to the skies
I shape another vision of your face,
From the new embers reconstruct the grace
And beauty, springing from a flaming pyre
My one endeavour and my one desire,
Dreaming the evening pleasantly away,
Content that we shall surely meet one day.

Reverie

W. COLEBROOK GARRETT.

BETWEEN YOU & I.

Foreword:

Most of the people in this world are lovers of orderliness and cleanliness. They delight in seeing things done right and, though they remain silent, they abhor the conditions under which some others are content to live.

The others are in the minority but, unfortunately, some are to be found on this Station.

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Canteens, on many stations, are places of enjoyment to all of the personnel. The canteen on this Station is a place of enjoyment to some of the personnel.

One could hardly describe the Dry Canteen on this Unit as an ideal place to spend an idle half hour. On entering, one is confronted by a few chairs and settees that have seen better days. As often as not, at least one chair is occupied by some stray dog. Others are used as footstools, etc. Anything but the purpose for which they were put there. Scattered around the floor are wooden tea spoons, paper plates and cups, and dozens of cigarette ends.

Many people are inclined to put the blame onto the management. This is not altogether correct. The settees at present in the canteen are but seven months old. They look like twenty-seven.

Part of the reason for this shocking state of affairs lies with some of the personnel who frequent the canteen. Likewise, part of the remedy also lies with them.

When we enter the canteen, would it not look more ladylike and more gentlemanly to sit as nature intended us to sit - with the lower extremity of the spine on the chair and the feet on the floor. Wrestling on the settees may be quite good sport but it does not prolong the life of the furniture.

Another great asset to the canteen would be cleanliness.

There are numerous small cans around the floor. These are meant to be used for cigarette ends and matches. Regarding paper plates and cups; I realize there are not any proper receptacles for these items. However, if they were left on the tables, the janitor would soon remove them. Nevertheless, the absence of proper receptacles does not lessen the guilt of the childish mind that motivates the flipping of paper plates across the room.

Beside being childish, this is extremely dangerous. A person, unaware of the plate's approach, may accidentally get in the line of flight and, if the plate is stopped by the eye, the results may be disastrous.

The Planesmen

Cleanliness applies not only to the floor and tables but also to the furniture. Many of us have dirty jobs to do. Overalls are necessary and these become stained with oil, grease, dirt, etc. When these are worn in the canteen, part of the dirt is left on the chair or settee on which the wearer was sitting. Later on, a person, ready to leave the Station for a few hours and dressed in new clothes, enters and uses the chair vacated by someone who was wearing overalls. The result is evident - the new coat or frock becomes stained. To wearers of overalls in the canteen, I say, "Put yourself in their place" "Do to others as you would others do to you".

We all have homes of our own. De Winton is our temporary home so let's make it look like a home. Make the canteen a place where a few spare minutes can be spent in peace, without having to part the bottles and rubbish before finding a seat.

What about it, girls and boys, let's convert the canteen into a place where everyone can enjoy themselves.

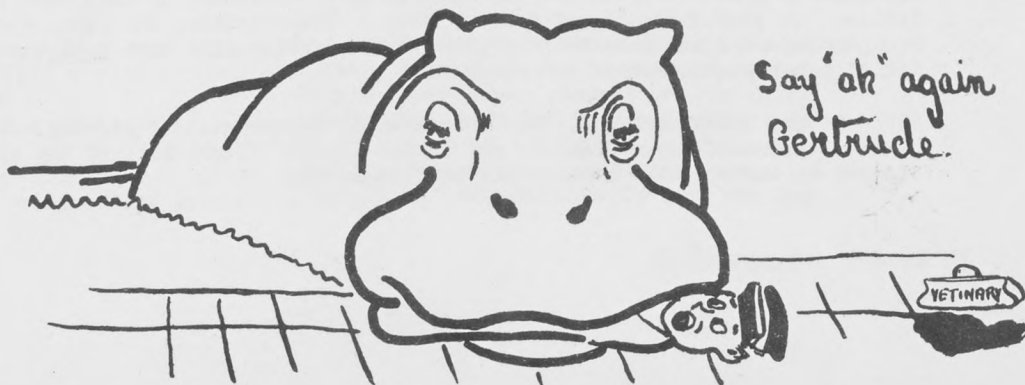
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HIGHLIGHTS ON SPORT

Monday evenings now being devoted entirely to sports, we find De Winton's athletes turning out in force. Basket Ball and Badminton being the primary attractions at present. However, Floor Hockey, Tennis, Volley-ball and many other games, far too numerous to mention, will be organized in the near future. Floyd Wilcox, Y.M.C.A. Supervisor and President of the Sport's Committee, is working overtime on the organization and his labours are expected to bear fruit.

However, the Sport's Committee, like the Entertainments Committee, needs your help and support. Moral support is not quite enough. What they want is something in the line of physical exertion. Team spirit goes a long way in developing anything in the line of sport.

Plans have been discussed for the holding of tournaments for small games, and "house leagues" for hockey, basket ball and floor hockey. Let's go and limber up those long unused muscles and really make Monday nights something to look forward to.



LITTLE FINGER LEFT HAND.

'Twas in a Station Sick Quarters somewhere in Manitoba that we first encountered numerous cases of the above Cornell condition. In those dark days of winter, 1942, the unit was well replenished with the gallant D.H. 82C Tiger Moth. The temperature was 46° below zero; speed through the air, a mighty 70 miles per hour.

The scene is almost complete for the writer to extract the digit and describe a true case of frost-bite and how to prevent and treat the condition according to the popular manual "First Aid to the Injured".

When holding the throttle in a Tiger Moth, the little finger of the left hand is the member exposed to the two factors mainly responsible for producing frost-bite - low temperature and wind. Perhaps the luxurious and spacious cockpit of a Cornell eliminates these factors - who knows?

Frost-bite occurs mainly in those parts of the body exposed to the full blast of wind and sub-zero temperature, namely, the nose, cheeks, ears, tips of the fingers and toes where the circulation exchange normally tends to be sluggish.

In preventing frost-bite, remember:

- (a) To stay indoors!
- (b) To be warmly clothed and avoid tight fitting garments.

Instructors, please note:

Insist on your pupils wearing the full amount of flying clothing at all times during the winter weather. Remember a forced landing in 30° or 40° below zero, sparsely clad, is anything but conducive to a rosy future.

- (c) Avoid inactivity, that is, "P/O. Prune's forty-eight hour stance"

Treatment of the established condition:

Get into a place of shelter from the wind and hold a warm hand over the affected part. Contrary to popular idea, never run snow in vigorously and do not enter an overheated room. Temperature should be 60° F. Dress the part with cotton wool or gauze soaked in whiskey (twenty-six ozs. this month).

All these remedies failing, report to Sick Quarters. There the vultures will gather round to pick off the dead pieces under refrigeration anaesthesia.

The Field of Entertainment

Coming attractions at the Cinema, growing interest in Bingos and Whists, and the fun shared by all at the Weekly Wednesday Night Jam Sessions promise many enjoyable evenings for Station personnel in the field of recreation.

"The Moon is Down", a fine dramatic film starring Henry Travers, in his greatest role to date, as the courageous mayor, and Sir Cedric Hardwicke, the cool, calculating Nazi general, presents a story dealing with the life of a vanquished nation under the heel of the German militarist. Powerfully related and skilfully directed, "The Moon is Down" will keep you on the edge of your seat from start to finish.

— Coming Tues. Nov 23RD —

Next on the movie list is that gay, romantic musical about the "Old South" starring Bing Crosby and Dorothy Lamour. The name of Crosby and Lamour alone, is enough to win fame and fortune to the production but add such "Hit Parade" tunes as, "Sunday, Monday or always" and "If You Please" and success is assured.

Don't miss "Dixie" Sunday Dec 12TH

The Entertainments Committee is really planning something out of the ordinary for the "Gala Christmas Party" to be held in the 'Rec.' hall, Tuesday, 21st December. Johnny Blachley and his famous orchestra, featuring Faye Thoms, direct from "Penley's" in Calgary has been obtained for the event. All the usual fun and colour of the festive season will be provided so don't forget to watch for coming announcements concerning "The Affair of the Year", De Winton's Christmas Party.

BUY YOUR TICKETS & MAKE YOUR DATES EARLY

In the coming months, we expect interest in the "Camp Quizz's", at the Theatre on Sunday nights, will grow steadily. November, 14th, provided fun for everyone and was received enthusiastically by the audience. However, their success depends entirely on the public as a whole. Your interest will assure their success. Let's all go up when our number is called. How about it, girls and boys?

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The Entertainment Committee wish to thank Mr. Geo Sutherland who so kindly (and so efficiently) operated the Wheel of Chance at the Hallowe'en Dance. A goodly sum was raised for our Recreation Fund and Geo. wouldn't even let us buy him or his assistant a cigar. THANKS AGAIN, GEORGE.

CONTINUED ON PAGE FOURTEEN

NIGHT FLYING

Night-flying is, to put it into the common phraseology of the R. A. F., a 'bind'. I have raked my brains over and over again to find some reason for its existence, and all my efforts have brought me to the same conclusion. It can only be the brain-child of some evil-minded genius who imagines that R.A.F. life is too pleasant, and who wishes to put a stop to this deplorable state of affairs at once. Let me say now that he has succeeded even beyond his wildest dreams. I will illustrate this by reference to my own experience.

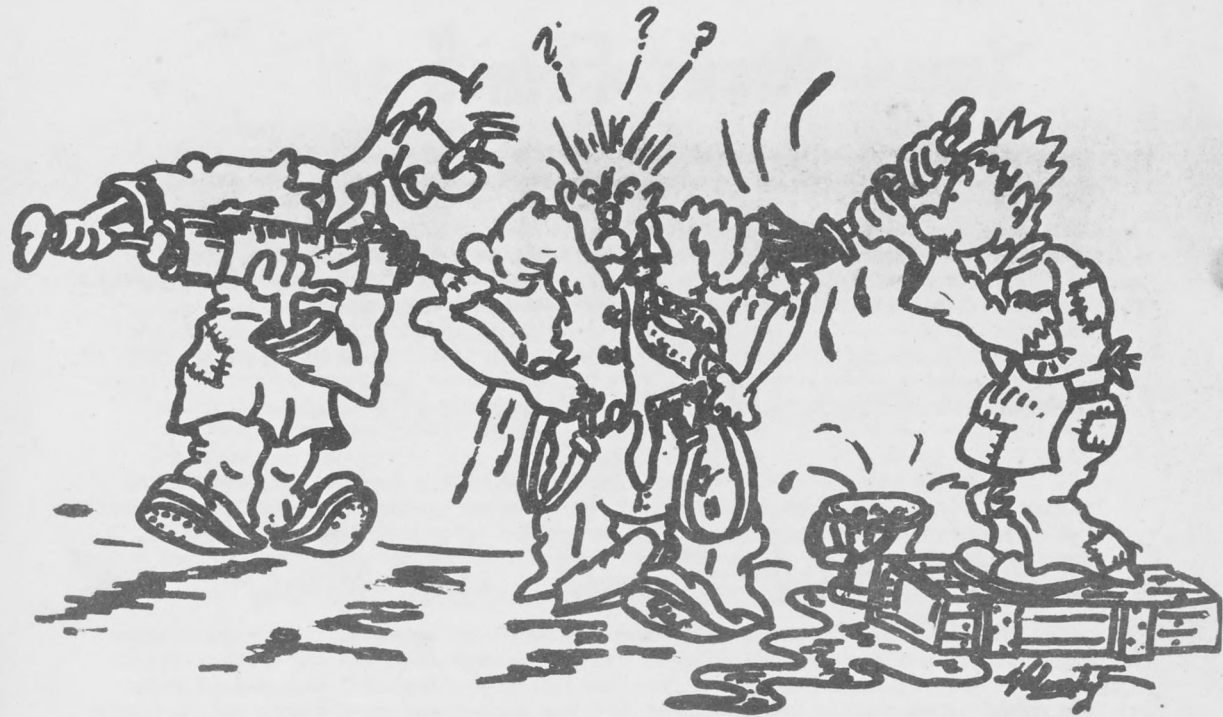
One Wednesday afternoon I was allowing my thoughts to stray to my date on Saturday with a blond; trying to think up some newer and more impressive lines to shoot, when suddenly I was brought back to earth with a jolt. A voice whispered in my ear, "I see you're Night Flying, Friday and Saturday".

From that moment life became a misery, a bitter imposition, and all my hopes of pleasure turned to ashes. I was haunted by nightmares. I had visions of gigantic flare-paths performing a war dance before my eyes. Eventually, I became afraid to go to sleep - three times I woke up screaming and bailed out of my top bunk.

On the Friday night I determined to drown my sorrows, but my conscience wouldn't even allow me that solace. I turned away from the bar with a bitter tear in my eye, and walked away from temptation. Somehow I managed to retain my sanity through the two nights of torture that I had to endure, and on Sunday morning I heaved a huge sigh of relief. At last I was free. I could banish from my mind all thoughts of Night Flying for fourteen whole days and relax in peace. But it was not to be.

On Monday morning I rushed into breakfast with great zest, as only a free man can. Someone plied me with cigarettes which I, blinded by my good spirits, took to be a mere gesture of friendliness. Then, without any warning, he sprang the trap. Quite casually he said, "Would you do my Night Flying to-night?" "My wife has just arrived from England and I want to meet here at the Station". My heart bursting with compassion, I acquiesced. "Yes, of course, I love Night Flying". With a hurried "Thanks", he was gone. It may have been my imagination, but I distinctly heard a faint murmur of "Sucker" from the next table.

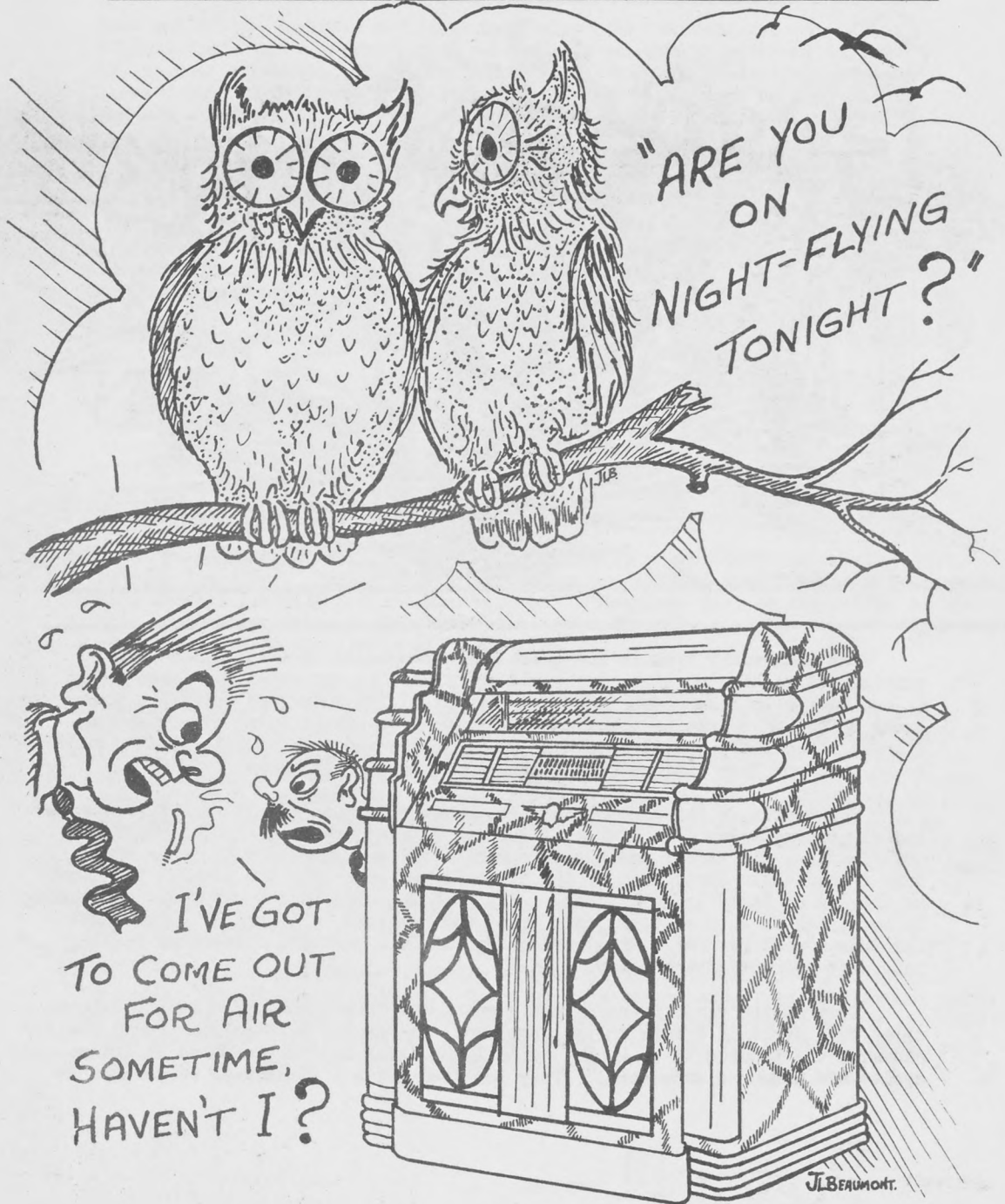
And then realization of what I had done burst upon me. With a wild cry I upset my ham and eggs, and sprang up from the table, cursing bitterly the fate that had made me cast away all my peace of mind so unthinkingly. I realized that, once again, I was confronted by that terrible orge, that fate worse than death - Night Flying.

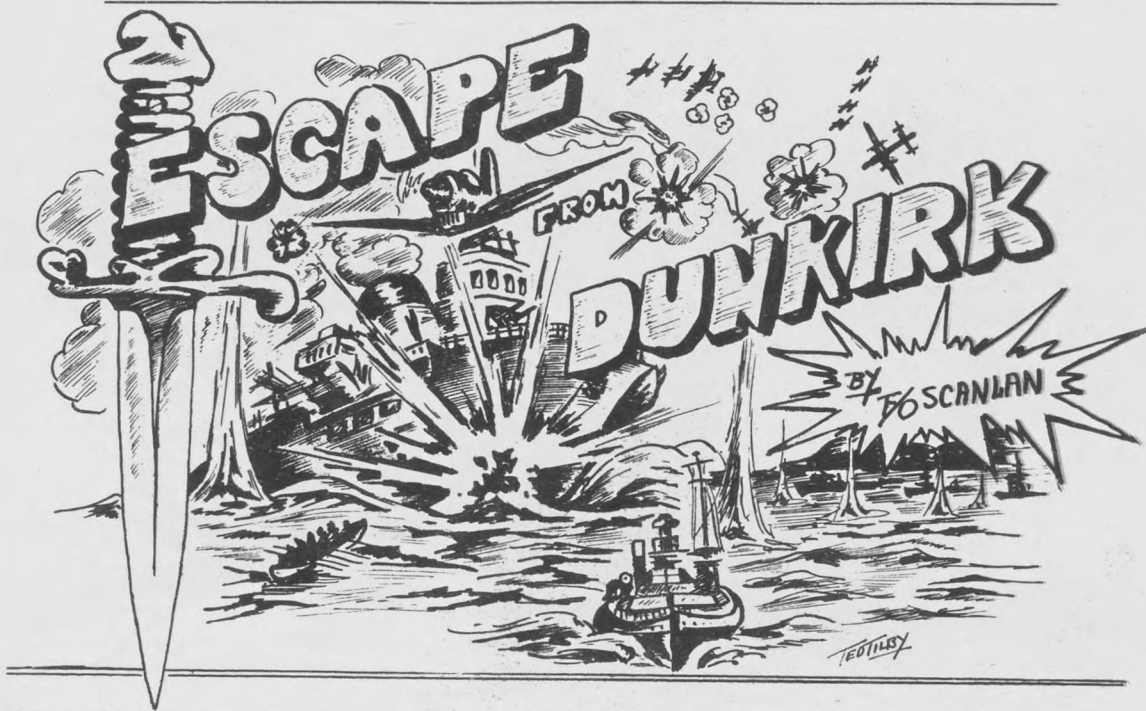


CONTRIBUTIONS
FOR THE
CHRISTMAS ISSUE
WILL BE
JOYFULLY ACCEPTED
— PLEASE!!! —



The Planesmen





Our long weary trek to the coast was accompanied by incessant dive-bombing and machine gunning: we could not travel at our usual fast pace owing to our having to take cover every few minutes. The noise was terrific, the moral effect of screaming bombs and whistling dive-brakes being even greater, I think, than the physical aspect. As for sleep and food - well, neither were to be had, our Iron Rations being our only means of sustenance.

Eventually, a few nights later, we managed to make a halt at a farm approximately twenty kilos from Dunkirk. To our extreme amazement and, I might add, notification, the farmer and his wife were still carrying on with their work. They placed their large barn at our disposal and were only too pleased to allow us the use of their large kitchen. But what was even better was their generosity in supplying us with milk, butter, bread and potatoes. After our experiences this was a meal fit for a king, and we did it full justice, afterwards falling into deep and satisfying sleep.

Towards the early hours of the morning our dreams were most rudely interrupted by a terrific fracas in the farmyard. A hurried dash outside found the cause of the trouble to be a unit of twelve Belgian soldiers mounted on motor-cycles and armoured side-cars. They received quite a shock when we pounced on

The Planesmen

them out of the darkness and it was only luck that someone was not killed, because their first impression of us was that we were an advanced force of the enemy. However, after much talking and even more gesticulating we discovered that they were a Recce Unit touring the countryside warning of the enemy's approach.

No sooner had they disappeared than the A.A. guns opened up: this time a large formation of Ju.88 was the object of their attack. A great deal of flak went up but, it must be admitted, the Ju.88's simply ignored it and eventually, to show their contempt of us, came down very low and proceeded to machine gun the A.A. crews, the refugees, and of course, us. Our Brens and rifles blazed defiance and without cover we did our best to shoot at least one of them down, without success. When the raiders had departed and we reflected how we had stood there in the open, well, we had cold shivers running up and down our bodies. It was remarkable how few of us were even scratched in that encounter.

Eventually, after two more similar raids, we approached the outskirts of Dunkirk. Dusk was falling and we could see the fires of the town against the blue background of the sky. A continual shuttle-service of enemy aircraft was in operation and the town was slowly crumbling up. One formation would arrive over the town, do its work and leave, just as another formation was making its entry. The sky was literally a mass of aircraft and, to be truthful, I do not think any of us entertained any hope of ever getting through such an inferno.

To add a touch to the macabre, we camped in a graveyard that night, just outside the town. Here was ample scope for the alleged humorists to make facetious remarks about saving ambulances, etc! Sleep was next to impossible as the roar of bombers, screaming of bombs and explosions of A.A. fire is certainly not any inducement to the charms of Morpheus.

Two hours before dawn a whispered command was circulated to the effect that we were going to move to the beach. This journey was no ordinary journey - it was a prolonged agony of crawling on hands and knees. This difficult mode of travel was necessitated by the ever-present fifth columnists who were reporting troop movements to the enemy. As was mentioned before, these people were everywhere and their presence was a menace. In time we did arrive at the beach: here the bombings and machine-gunning were increased tenfold, reaching its peak as night fell. However, next morning, our burden was somewhat lessened owing to the appearance of R.A.F. Fighters. The Spitfires, greatly outnumbered, did a magnificent job, and many a boastful Luftwaffe pilot met his fate that day. Shortly after dawn the Royal Navy began the evacuation under the protection of the R.A.F. and the assistance of its own A.A. guns.

The Beach was crowded with men - a weary bunch of men, tired, unshaven, wounded, but all uncomplaining. Some were suffering badly from shell-shock and their comrades did their best for them by making them walk around and by keeping them occupied. The R.A.F. was still fighting above us, but we were always subjected to the merciless hail of lead from above.

The Planesmen

Gradually we began to move aboard ships, there were all kinds of vessels there, destroyers, passenger ships, fishing smacks - everything. Some men swam to the ships and others were lucky enough to make their way there in small boats. Many were sunk, hospital ships being a most welcome target for the Hun, but most managed to sail across the Channel.

Our Battery - or rather, what was left of it - managed to get aboard a destroyer - and eventually we pulled out of Dunkirk. We were crammed like sardines, but what did that matter? We were being saved.

Slowly we drew away from Dunkirk - a blazing shambles - and although we were attacked by Stukas three times, we eventually came in sight of the English coastline. I cannot describe my feelings then: a pang comes into the throat, and the heart sets up a painful throbbing. One cannot speak - only think.

Britain was calm and welcomed us back again; not much was said - we all knew how they felt for us. But it was so quiet and peaceful. The menace that was only twenty-five miles across a stretch of water was rearing up its head again and perparing to strike its poison fangs deep at its enemy. All we had to do now was to wait - and pray, for had not our prayers been answered once before when all seemed lost.

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ENTERTAINMENTS CONTINUED

The Wednesday Dance is introducing a new feature by having a Bingo operating during the Jam Session. We feel it will add to the entertainment provided, so, if you don't dance, come anyway and play Bingo.

Remember, every Wednesday night, admission fifteen cents - Bingo Free. Dancing to the Station Orchestra.

Whist is lots of fun. Ask your friends who have been there. Watch for the Station Whist Drives. Attend them and meet nice friends and, above all, get your share of the prizes.

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REMEMBRANCE DAY -- POPPY SALES

The Branch of the Canadian Legion has acknowledged receipt of the proceeds of the sale of poppies on this Station.

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So This Is Canada!

Canada is a large country sparsely populated, mainly by white men and grass-hoppers, and the odd Indian and cowboy around Calgary.

The climate varies from temperate on the coast to extremes of temperature inland. Since the atmosphere in the prairie provinces is dry, you do not feel the heat or cold. In fact, you don't feel anything around Calgary at 50° below zero; you're too numb. The range in temperature also affects the fashions which may seem a little strange to the more conservative types (especially the colour of the socks and ties.)

At present the currency is based on the native system. The £1-0-0, at present, is equal to \$4.50, which will pay for two cases of beer providing you have a permit and are over twenty-one.

Food bears some resemblance to food at home. (Who told us it was whale blubber and seal steaks?) In many parts of the country suet puddings are not properly appreciated and, of course, the tea is pretty shocking, but the pies and coffee make up for this. It is well worth while experimenting with some of the strange foods out here as long as precaution is taken against that well known American disease, "Gas on the Guts".

Apart from the indoor and outdoor sports, that are international in their appeal, Canadians follow skating, hockey and skiing during the winter; baseball in the summer, and football or rugby in the fall.

The winter sports are, basically, an endless and painful struggle against the force of gravity.

Baseball is similar to rounders, a game played by English schoolgirls, (don't tell 'Hoppy') while football bears little resemblance to rugby football and even less to soccer. The main object of this game is to put the opposing team in the hospital.

The language bears a strong resemblance to English. (An Anglo-Canadian dictionary is being prepared) Some words and phrases, innocent in Britain, are insulting to Canadians, and vice-versa. The way to discover this is to chatter away to your girl-friend and when she giggles, or slaps your face, you'll know you have been successful. In any conversation, always adopt a phoney Oxford accent and impress upon your listeners the superiority of the English in every way. The Canadians simply adore this.

The Planesmen

In all seriousness, I would like to add that, at the moment, Canadians have an exceptionally high opinion of the 'Old Country' and its inhabitants. Whether they keep that high opinion depends on you.

Note from the Editor to all Injured Parties.

I wish to announce that any resemblance to actual circumstances is purely coincidental and that I refuse to get up in the Cinema and apologize for this article. Furthermore, it is useless to sue either the author or myself for libel as we both lost our shirts at a vicious game of Bingo last week.

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LA FEMME

When the new flight line girls first arrived, everyone was expecting to see dazzling blondes leaning against the wing tips, powder puff in one hand and a mirror in the other. However, we must give credit where credit is due. They really got down to the job.

We are beginning to wonder if they are not doing the flight line duties too well. We were a witness the other day to what we'd call "Service de luxe". A budding u/t Pilot was helped into the cockpit, assisted with his harness, had his tie straightened and was then given the most disarming smile. We are considering, very seriously, asking the company to arrange to have a little red head dash out with coffee as we taxi in to the parking line.

Do you think they'll consider it?

When shadows fall, the end of a weary day;
And, on his pillow, lays his throbbing head;
When sleep comes slowly with the swish of wings:
Then, oh what joy, what peacefullness it brings.

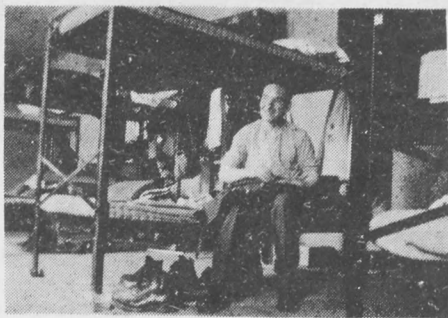
By

THE COUNTRYMAN

Music, wine and song
Then fill his mind
Until the roll of drums,
In deep symphonic phrases,
Swells to the roar of engines' might
As in a screaming terror dive.
His hair, on end it stands.
Then, suddenly it happens
As if it meant to mock;
A jolt, a torch, a book,
"Wake up, sign here, it's six o'clock".

"EARLY CALL"

CANDID SHOTS



Loose Threads "Cottontail"

I am not what you would say 'unusually dim'; not even by aircrew standards, but I am constantly bewildered and always aluded by this "Joe" that everybody talks about. No one has ever yet introduced me to this versatile fellow, and it seems he is far too modest to present himself even though he must know the amount of confidence we all have in him. Who amongst us hasn't ever remarked, "Joe for King", knowing full well what a responsibility that office holds? I have even said it myself and, as I mentioned before, I haven't even met the dear old chap.

My curiosity was first aroused when I entered the homely portals of A.C.R.C. (with which, I am sure, you are all well familiar) and told the orderly room Sergeant that I had a small contract with the Air Ministry. As I subsequently became fully aware, he was a typical sergeant and wasn't in the least interested, and casually turned to the duty clerk and remarked, "Joe for aircrew". Not that I minded Joe being attended to before me, but it was rather puzzling because Joe wasn't even there. However, "Esprit de Corps" and all that - it was none of my business. That is, not until a few minutes afterwards when the sergeant said, "O.K., Joe, lug your kit up to the sixth floor". Nothing happened for a few seconds. Then my thoughts were jolted by those three stripes, "You, what about that kit?" "But Joe, I thought he - -", I began, but was cut short, "Oh, he's gone for a Burton, you take it up".

I heard a lot about Joe after this. Whenever I was on fatigues Joe was always there, yet I never did meet up with him despite his popularity. I mean, the other chaps would stroll by smoking when I was in the cookhouse and say, "Joe for Greaser", "Joe for plates", "Joe for coal fatigues this afternoon", and I would sheepishly, in ignorance, grin up at them and say, "Yes, good old Joe".

This kind of thing carried on for weeks and weeks until I gradually became aware of the fact that Joe could be practically anyone in the R. A. F. I smile when I think of it all. This "Joe" fellow can be anyone of these "slow on the uptake" blokes who are always dropping in for the dirty jobs. "Joe for C.O." - My!! My!!

Well, to cut a long story short, I thought when I came to Canada I was leaving dear old Joe behind, but no, at Moncton they sent me along to the M.O.s. for seven inoculations and, believe it or just laugh, someone told me then that Joe was in for the Jackpot. How I smiled, "Poor old Joe".

But the dimmest "Joe" I ever did meet was at my last unit. I slept on the top floor of the barrack block and one night we had the lights full on, after they shouldn't have been. "Joe for Orderly Officer" was passing and favoured us with "Put those lights out up there".

The Planesmen

"I'll put yours out if I come down there", someone replied, and we all immediately dived into bed, after first dousing the lights. The O.O. barred in a few seconds later and was greeted with perfect peace and deadly silence. A few seconds elapsed: "Who's the senior man in here?"

I never did find out who shouted, "You are, Joe".

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THIRST

If parching thirsts of summers overseas
Inspired the verse of Charles S. Calverley
In praise of Beer, then surely as he yearned
For ale to quench the inward fire which burned,
He had no wines of Rome or Granada
To quaff - he must have been in Canada.

A picture hung upon my wall
Full beautiful, and large withal;
An oarsman in a sculling boat
Array'd in white was seen to float
Upon an Azure stream. And there
Behold, a superscription fair
Above his head was painted on;
"He's twice the man on Worthington" (i)
Tear it down, the plaintive sign
Of vanished joys that once were mine.
Tear it down, and write instead,
Above a scrawny, underfed
Ex airman in battered bowler,
"He's half the man on Coca Cola".
Content, but far from Eye or Ear,
Are those whose limbs are fed by beer.
Unhappy ye, who only stoke
Our rearre furnaces with "Coke".
And of the things for which I pine
In this dry land that is not mine,
Most of all I long for here
England, and next to England, Beer.

(i) "Worthington" - a celebrated brand of British Beer.

MAINTENANCE

Hello Everybody,

This is your old friend, Snoopy Snooples, presenting Maintenance to the world.

Trials and tribulations are our daily lot. Trouble comes fast and heavy. The "Hit Parade" this month is headed by "A Stubborn Propellor". Skilled engineers and learned "mechs" met their Waterloo around Mid-November. "Old Faithful" - or rather, her propellor, refused to budge. Why? We don't know. Perhaps it heard about the coal strikes and decided to do likewise. Again, perhaps it decided to negotiate a separate peace. Whatever the reason, it caused many bitter words to be spoken and many reputations and prides to be shattered.

As time changes, fashions do also. The latest in facial design is treble chins, the originator being our well known fire expert, Bruce Best. Of course, there is a fly in every ointment and mass production is being held up pending Bruce's decision as to where on earth (or face) he is going to keep it. We don't know where it should go - but the Germans have a word for it.

Speaking of fashions changing, it is apparent that trades also deviate a little. Tell us, Rolly, just what connection has ladies' wrist watches with doping? Perhaps I'm dumb but it sure don't make sense to me.

Perhaps some of you did not realize it but this life of ours is full of opportunities. In our young days, we used to push wheel-barrows, etc. - just for fun, of course. However, to-day some of us have the honour of pushing large kites around the drome. Anyone desiring a position on the taxying staff should apply to Bill Heymans. This is a very secret job but some of the qualifications are:-

Love of work	-	Practically NIL.
Energy	-	Very little required.
Speed	-	Two speeds - dead slow and stop.

At De Winton, as at all great camps, rumours are rife. The latest is to the effect that Chuck Harris is seriously contemplating making application for a few more ration cards. If these are refused the only alternative is for him to refrain from inviting Bud and Harold to dinner - or did he invite them, where there is food, there's Bud.

